The Weekly Museum

Four Cents ſingle.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1797. [One Dollar and FiftyCents per Annum.

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THE HISTORY OF CHARLES MORTIMER.

[Continued from our laſt.]

"YOU muſt be ſenſible," replied Amelia, "that I ſhall ever be extremely cautious in my expreſſions to you upon a ſubject which ſo eſſentially intereſts my future welfare and were my affections impreſſed with the moſt recriprocal ardency for you, ſtill I ſhould never flatter your hope. Your ſituation in life, and your inferiority in point of fortune, does not juſtify your expectations. It is true I am ſome what biaſſed in your favour; I admire your virtues, and ſuperior attainments in knowledge, and I am not the only one who has paſſed encomiums upon your prepoſſeſſing figure, and expreſſive beauty of countenance; but nevertheleſs I do not pardon your preſumption, and in future I ſhall treat you with that rigorous reſerve, and even contumely which I conceive is a juſt puniſhment for your offence. You have indeed cauſed me ſome moments of inquietude, and I have participated of ſuperior pleaſures and ſatisfaction in your campany; but your indigence ſhould ever diſcountenance your pretenſions; it is a duty incumbent on me, nay my hopes of welfare and reſpectability in life ſuggeſt the neceſſity of ſteeling my heart againſt you, and I will in future convince you how much I am ſuperior to this weakneſs of our nature."

She did not wait a reply; but abruptly retired, and left poor Mortimer in a ſtate of inconceivable mortification and aſtoniſhment. He did not ſee her for ſeveral days afterwards; and in the mean time he wrote her a letter of apology, aſſuring her he was willing to undergo any puniſhment which ſhe ſhould doom an adequate atonement for his preſumption, provided he could obtain her forgiveneſs.

But how ungenerouſly did Amelia requite this ſubmiſſion! She diſcloſed the contents of the letter to her father, whoſe indignation was inſtantly rouſed, and he reſolved upon his immediate diſcharge from his ſervice, regardleſs of the infinite obligations he owed him. He ordered Mortimer in his preſence, and after ſhowing him the letter, he upbraided him in the moſt reproachful terms for the malevolence of his intentions; his eyes rolled with fury; he graſped his ſword which was hanging againſt the wall, and with geſtures of determined vengeance, commanded him inſtantly to depart from his houſe or abide the conſequence of his indignation.

Mortimer did not ſtay to extenuate his conduct: but fled with precipitation. He was now at liberty ro reflect upon the unaccountable conduct of Amelia, and the obduracy of her father. Want, again became his companion; he wandered the ſtreets without a friend to aſſiſt or conſole him, and brooded over his misfortunes in ſilence.

One evening as he was ſitting upon the ſteps of the Coffee-houſe, Mr. Brinton, who had come upon ſome buſineſs, entered with obſerving him. Two days had now elapſed, in which he had not eaten a mouthful, and he was determined to ſolicit Mr. Brinton's charity in his preſent diſtreſs. Mortimer accoſted him as he entered with tears in his eyes. "Pardon my intruſion," ſays he, "I have ſlept in the ſtreets and ſpent two days without the leaſt ſuſtenance: if you have a juſt ſenſe of the arduous danger and difficulty with which I wreſted you from an untimely death, you will afford me a few ſhillings to alleviate my miſery." Mr. Brinton, looking at him a moment, exclaimed, "Villain, you meditated the ſeduction of my daughter, and all my obligations to you are cancelled." As he pronounced theſe words he left him abruptly without affording him an opportunity to reply.

Mortimer anticipated this repulſe, and he conceived this a proper opportunity, for an interview once more with Amelia, to whoſe compaſſion he reſolved to addreſs himſelf. He repaired to Mr. Brinton's houſe in his abſence; he entered ſeveral apartments without ſeeing any one, and at length he ventured to knock at the door, of Amelia's chamber. A voice bade him come in, and as he entered he found Amelia leaning her cheek upon her hand, and in a penſive mood. He proſtrated himſelf at her feet, and implored her forgiveneſs.

Her fury was kindled in an inſtant, and ſhe exclaimed, "I am aſtoniſhed, Sir, at this recent mark of aggravated inſolence and preſumption in thus entering a lady's bed-chamber; retire inſtantly, or I will alarm the neighbourhood. "Heavens! Amelia," replied Mortimer, "if your heart ever experienced the ſoft impulſe of pity and compaſſion, if you have ſympathy enough to ſhed a tear over the misfortunes of a wretch abandoned to hunger and deſpair, if heaven has infuſed into your heart a ſpark of its benevolence, deign to furniſh me with a few mouthfuls of cold victuals to ſatisfy the demands of nature. I have faſted two days; I have ſlept upon the cold pavements, of the ſtreets, and the powers of nature are nearly exhauſted." He could ſay no more; tears ſuſpended his utterance, and he remained in a momentary ſuſpenſe at her feet. But how obdurate was her heart; ſo impregnably was ſhe fortified againſt the ſoft dictates of compaſſion and humanity, that ſhe opened the window of her apartment which looked into the ſtreet, and with a voice of terror excliamed, "thieves! robbers! murder! help for God's ſake!"

The neighbours alarmed at ſuch ſtrange outcries, ruſhed into her chamber, and ſeized poor Mortimer who ſtood petrified with horror and aſtoniſhment. He offered nothing in extenuation of his offence; but paſſively ſubmitted to the inſolence and indignity of the croud who came to her protection. Loud and univerſal reproaches prevailed againſt him, and he was dragged to priſon amidſt the outcries and execrations of the mob.

Here he was confined in a dark cell, fed upon bread and water, and denied the priviledge of a correſpondence with his friends. He lay languiſhing in his gloomy region, excluded from ſociety, till the expiration of two months, when he was brought to the bar of the court for trial.

Mr. Brinton's vengeance in the mean time purſued him; and knowing that no true evidence could be adduced to prove his delinquency, he had previouſly bribed a female domeſtic to ſwear to the malevolence of his deſigns in entering the houſe. When ſhe appeared before the court ſhe teſtified that ſhe ſaw the priſoner enter ſeveral apartments whence he purloined ſeveral articles which ſhe enumerated, and entruſted them to the care of an accomplice in his villainy, who ſtood at the ſtreet door to receive them: that ſhe was terrified, and fled through a back way to one of her neighbours at the time the alarm was given.

In conſequence of this teſtimony he was found guilty, and ſentenced to hard labour for the term of a year. Mr. Brinton exulted in this verdict, and Amelia, to whether father's indignation, frequently repeated the ſtory of Mortimer's rude intruſion into her bed-chamber.

Heaven ſeemed now to have inflicted its moſt rigorous puniſhment upon Mortimer. He was fettered, and compelled to hard labour in the ſtreets, ſubjected to the care of a brutal overſeer who attended him. As Amelia paſſed one day in the ſtreet, ſhe beheld him in this forlorn ſituation; a tear ſtarted from his eye at the ſight of her; pity touched her feelings, and a combination of love and remorſe began to operate upon her. She entered into a converſation with him, and his eyes reproved her with ſuch ſoft languiſhment, that ſhe felt the irreſiſtable force of ſuch a gentle admonition from virtue and innocence: The dictates of compaſſion ſoftened her heart: ſhe experienced the renewed and forcible influence of that love which ſhe had affected ſo much to deſpiſe, and in agony of contrition was about to proſtrate herſelf before him to implore forgiveneſs, when his overſeer, obſerving his indolence, furiouſly aſſaulted him with a huge bludgeon of wood, and levelled him to the duſt, where he lay ſome time in a ſtate of inſenſibility. He received the blow juſt below his temple, and a copious ſtream of blood iſſued from the wound. The heart of Amelia was wrung with horror at the ſight; ſhe ſhed a torrent of tears, and vented the loudeſt lamentations of remorſe. To ſee the object that ſhe had really adored, thus gaſping in the apparent agonies of death, beſmeared with blood and duſt, and to reflect that ſhe was the ſole cauſe, inſpired her with the moſt horrible ſenſations.

A croud was now collected round Mortimer, and Amelia retired to her home to indulge her anguiſh in ſilence. Mortimer was inſenſible of what had paſſed, and was conveyed back to the place of his confinement. A ſurgeon attended him, and after a long ſickneſs he recovered from the effects of this blow. Amelia grew penſive, and at times was confined to her bed. When ſhe reflected that he had reſcued her father from an untimely death, and that gratitude was a tribute juſtly due, that ſhe had loved him, and was the author of his calamity, ſhe became frantic, and in the moments of her phrenzy diſcloſed to her father the ardency of her paſſion for him.

Mr. Brinton was aſtoniſhed at the diſcloſure of ſuch a ſecret. He repremanded her with ſuch ſeverity for her weakneſs; urged her criminality in

indulging a passion for one so infinately her inferior, and so check the progress of her malady as he conceived, assured her that Mortimer was dead of the wound he had received. Amelia, when she received this disasterous intelligence, fainted away in the arms of her father, and it was with some difficulty that she was restored to life. She regarded herself as a murderer, and the poignancy of this horrible reflection threw her into frequent deliriums: She shut herself up, became inconsolable, and abandoned herself to dispair. [To be continued.]

ON OFFICIOUS DEMAGOGUES.

TOWARDS the end of last autumn, I spent a month with an old acquaintance in the country: he is the clergyman of a large village, in a sequestered valley, inhabited chiefly by substantial farmers, and the cottagers employed by them in the cultivation of their farms. As I am an early riser, I was highly gratified to observe with what chearfulness and alacrity they all went out in the morning to their respective employments: the plowman whistling after his team; the woodman with his bill-hook, followed by his faithful cur; the milk-maid singing beneath her cow; and the sober farmer, superintending the whole: and on Sunday attending the public worship, as their ancestors had done before them; and respectfully bowing to their rector as he passed by them, entirely satisfied with the PLAIN doctrine with which he supplied them.

Woe betide those OFFICIOUS patriots, then, who under a pretence of improving the condition of these contented, inoffensive mortals, shall attempt to rob them of their present share of felicity!

But, alas! as we rode over once or twice a week, to a neighbouring town, at about five miles distance, we here found the public-house, where we put up our horses, filled with a mob of ragged wretches, belonging to the different branches of the trade, drinking pots of ale, and listening to a seditious news-paper, (which, I found, was sent down GRATIS every week) tending to persuade them, "that the country was on the brink of ruin; that trade was "languishing under the burden of our taxes; and, from "the defects in our CONSTITUTION, and the bad "management of public affairs, there were no hopes "without some GREAT-CHANGE, of better times."

I asked my friend, why those poor people appeared so wretched? and whether their trade was really on the decline? --It was never more flourishing, said he: and those fellows might live as happily as any people in the world, but that every Monday* morning they spent half their week's wages, which they receive on Saturday night, in an ale house, regardless of the remonstrances of their wives, and cries of their children; and then complain of the taxes, and listen to any one who would persuade them that the fault is in the CONSTITUTION, or in the public administration, instead of their own idleness and extravagance.

* Saint Monday.

A MURDERER DISCOVERED.

A MAN was once taken up on suspicion of murder, but when brought to the bar, the evidence appeared not strong enough to convict him. He behaved with great apparent boldness, for he knew there were no witnesses to the fact; and he had also taken all necessary caution to prevent a discovery. But the Judge observed in the man's countenance, a terror and confusion, which his pretended boldness could not hide, and therefore kept his eye steadily fixed on him the whole time. As soon as the last witness was dismissed, the man asked if they had any more evidence against him, when the Judge, looking sternly at him, asked him if he did not himself know of one more that could appear against him, whose presence would put the matter out of doubt? On which the man started, and cried out--"My Lord, he is not a legal witness! no man can speak in his own cause; nor was the wound I gave him half so large as what he shews against me!" The Judge presently perceived by the man's starting, and the wildness and terror of his look, that he either saw the ghost of the murdered man, or that his imagination had from his guilty conscience, formed such an appearance; and, therefore, making the proper answers from such a supposition, he soon brought the murderer to confess the fact; for which he was condemned and hanged in chains, at the place were he declared the murder had been committed. At his death he averred, that the ghost of the murdered person had appeared before his eyes at the trial.

TO-MORROW.

TO-Morrow, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to---I will not hear of it------To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who likes his penury
Against thy plenty---who takes thy ready cash
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of ideots------Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!------To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calender,
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father:
Wrought of fluff as dreams are; and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend------arrest the present moments;
For be assur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales;
And tho' their flight be fleet, and their path
Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heav'n, and there record thy folly.
Beguile, tho' fashion'd on th' important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst leathem pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd,
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For ev'ry fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd justice, who shall tell thy audit!

Then slay the present instant, dear Horatio:
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fortune.
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee.

AN ADMONITION TO THE FAIR.

O THAT no virgin would incline her ear
To wild professions from inconstant youth,
But nobly scorn a sentiment to hear
That seems to laugh at innocence and truth.

"For if no just displeasure she reveals.
"Time will convince her, dearly to her cost,
"That step by step the sweet delusion steals
"'Till fame and honour are forever lost.

"The female mind may bid its terrors cease
"Who never made her softer feelings known,
"Nor fear a thought destructive to her peace,
"While prudence tells her to conceal her own.

"But if, alas! in some unguarded hour
"From this advice she madly should depart,
"She gives her lover an unbounded pow'r
"To Wound her Honour and to break her heart.

"In vain the fair to such a crisis drove,
"In sense or soul superior will confide---
"For when has reason triumph'd over love,
"Or inclination been subdu'd by pride?

"Say, Heav'n, to whom my pray'r is now address'd,
"Why are we subject to so hard a fate,
"That tho' the easy fondness of our breast
"Be still abus'd---WE NEVER WISH TO HATE?

"For ev'n this moment when my grief has stole
"The aching tribute of a falling tear,
"I feel a foolish something round my soul,
"Declare the soft betrayer is TOO DEAR.

"Alas, the anguish I am doom'd to prove
"From real passions only can begin.
"For this sad drop proceeds from slighted love,
"And pardon, Heav'n, NO SORROW FOR THE SIN.

"But, O ye pow'rs, remove each softer trace
"That calls his faithless image to my eyes,
"For as I know him INFAMOUS and BASE,
"It is but just I HATE him and DESPISE."

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Why art thou, being the King's son, lean from day to day."

ALL men, whether the sons of a King, or a hind, will be lean from day to day, yea much emaciated, if harrassed by furious passions, as that vicious young man was, to whom the above anxious question was proposed.

But to understand the moral, we must first tell a short story.

Among the numerous progeny of David, was the Princess Tamar, a very fair, and, as it appears, a very virtuous young woman. Her charms would naturally attract admirers, and, in that croud of lovers, who presented themselves at the toilet of high birth and beauty, a brother was strangely and unfortunately the foremost. Ammon, the son of David, was the criminal enamorato. In the strong language of the contest, he was so vexed that he fell sick for his sister. It is melancholy to dwell upon the depravity of human nature; and none but demoniac painters, delight in sketching what demands colours entirely black. The disgusting progress of unnatural passion, it were unnecessary and injurious to detail. But some useful lesson, may be acquired, by attending to the import of that interrogation, copied in the text. The disorder of Ammon's mind was so legible in his face, that Jonadab, his friend, demanded of him, "Why art thou, being the king's son, lean from day to day?"

The response assigned a cause, which if true, was never to create inquietude in any breast: that he was in love with one forbidden him, by natural and divine laws, that he was preposterously inchanted with the person of his own sister.

Tempestuous passion, how lean, how care-worn, how forlorn are thy subjects. Let fortune's favorites, let a Prince banquet on the rich cates of a palace, and if thou, tyrannic power, impel, he shall not be filled with good things, but shall go lean and hungry away.

Why art thou, O Miser, lean amid thy store? Thy coffers look full, but thin are thy sides and cheeks. A common gazer would suppose thou hadst enough to "buy food and get thee into flesh." Thou art not in love with thy sister, nor with any of the human race, thou art not worn with anxiety for the child of misfortune, nor careful with much care for the stranger that is within thy gates. They are never opened, but to him, who wanteth to borrow---on usery. But, why ask of thee, sullen mortal, these questions? When thou lockest up the gold from the claims of others, from the claims of thyself, 'tis Avarice that bids thee grow lean, and commands, like ruthless Shylock, a pound of flesh from thy heart.

No external circumstances, however fair and flourishing, can prevent that emphatical species of pining, generated by vile passions. Men may become consumptive from an ill habit of the body; but there is a wasting of the spirit, and this disorder who can heal?

Let us, therefore, be on our guard against the deleterious effects of passion. Why should we strive to be lean from day to day, when on the common bounties of Providence we may fatten. Men may reduce themselves to skeletons by immoderate indulgence, and force their friends to ask the painful question, Why do ye so, seeing ye are kings over yourselves? Criminal desires, carking cares reduce health and happiness. If we must be anxious in any pursuit, let it be in quest of virtue: If we must, in the words of a picturesque writer, be solicitous, let us, for God's sake, be solicitous only to live well.

THE ARABIAN PHILOSOPHER.

AN Arabian philosopher was once at the court of a certain king, who was much distinguished for his injustice as his despotism. This king, agreeably to his characteristic features, was desirous of irritating the sage by some of his insults. To this end he positively affirmed that in the infernal regions was a mill for the sole purpose of grinding the heads of the learned; and then demanded of the venerable philosopher if it were not so. He, in his turn, replied with a firmness and dignity worthy the highest elogium, "Yes: but it is the blood of tyrants which makes the mill turn."

MAXIM.

COURAGE incites soldiers to fight for their country: But it is cowardice alone that drives duellists together.

SATURDAY, *February* 25, 1797.

NEW-YORK CELEBRATION.

WEDNESDAY last was honoured as the Anniversary of the Birth-Day of

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The morning was ushered in by a FEDERAL SALUTE from the fortifications on Governor's Island. At noon, similar honours were paid by the Brigade Artillery, under the direction of Captain Ten Eyck, from the Battery; and which were returned by a second salute from Governor's Island.

The shipping in the harbour displayed their flags and "streamers gay;" and every public demonstration of joy and mutual congratulation were evidenced by our citizens at large.

FOR THE EVENING

Were reserved the brilliant and enlivening tribute paid to the great Character of our Nation.

The entertainment at the Tontine Public Rooms was every thing that the HEART or EYE could have desired. At this honourary Feast, our FAIR COUNTRYWOMEN vied with each other in adding their testimony of the general voice of gratitude and praise, by a display of elegance and hilarity, which would have done honour to any of the worthies or nations on the earth:—and, indeed, where are either truly greater than our own?

"'Tis ours to boast how wide the limits stand
"Between a splendid and a happy land!"

Upwards of two hundred ladies, and near three hundred gentlemen, assembled, at an early hour, in the grand hall room; and the dances commenced at about half past eight o'clock.

The spacious room, aided by its newly acquired ornaments, displayed the elegant assemblage in a style of splendor superior to any thing ever exhibitted in this metropolis. [Daily Adv.

There is a report in circulation, that our Executive has conciliated the misunderstanding which subsisted between the United States and the French Republic.

Although the above is, as we have said, but a report, which we are unable to trace to its cause, or origin, yet we have judged it of sufficient importance to demand this notice of its existence. [Am Daily Adv.

We are told in the ministerial papers, that another Noble Lord is to be sent as an assistant to Lord Malmsbury, in the business of the negociation. If we are to judge from what has already been done by one of these Noble Personages, we shall be apt to anticipate no great effect from their combined efforts. Indeed the transaction reminds us of the anecdote of a gentleman, who asked one of his servants, "James, what are you doing?"—"Nothing, Sir." He then applied to another, "William, what are you doing?" "Assisting James, Sir." [Lond. Pap.

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Under the Hamburg head of the 3d Dec. is the following—"By an express arrived this morning from Riga, we have received the account, that her imperial Majesty, Catharine II. died on the 17th November; and that his Highness Grand Duke Paul Petrowitch, has been proclaimed Emperor.

In the paper of the 6th, are the following remarks on the above intelligence. "The messenger said to have arrived on Friday, express from Riga, was not on his way to London. Since that time neither the Russian Charge d'Affairs has received any official news—nor has any Courier passed thro this city to London. No knowledge of the death of the Empress was received at Berlin, tho' some private letters received at Koningsberg make mention of it. It is therefore probable that this is premature."

By letters from Presburg of No. 22, it appears that the diet at Presburg, have granted to the Emperor the following supplies for the profecution of the war: 50,000 Hungarians, exclusive of these requisite to complete the regiments already in the field—20,000 Oxen—10,000 Horses—2,400,000, Bushels of grain—3,760,000 do. oats. And in case the numbers at present granted, are not sufficient until an honorable peace, a general raising "en masse," will be determined on,

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The Austrian official account of the battle in Italy nearly agree with the French, but the former represent the loss on each side as nearly equal—Among the prisoners taken by Davidovitch at Rivolo, were two French Generals, Florella and Valette.

ALBANY, February 17.

On Tuesday the 14th inst. a large and respectable number both of the clergy and laity from the northern and western parts of this state, met in this city, and organized themselves into a society, to be known by the name of the "Northern Missionary Society of the State of New-York." The business of the day was opened with a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Smith, President of Union College, from Matt. vi. 10. "Thy kingdom come."

The design of this institution is the propagation of the glorious gospel of Christ, in the frontier settlements, and among the Indian tribes, of this, and the neighbouring states. Perhaps on no occasion did the spirit of love, zeal, and unanimity so evidently appear, as among the members of different denominations who were convened for the promotion and advancement of this pious and benevolent object.

PHILADELPHIA, February 22.

We are favoured by a member of Congress with the following important Extract of a letter, dated

"Danville, Kentucky, Jan 30.

"Our peace with the Indians is likely to be of short duration. The Indians and the White People have already been killing one another. The dispute first began by the Indians plundering three waggons loaded, passing from Knoxville to Cumberland. Since that time, two men living in Powell's Vale, murdered two Indians who were hunting on the Wilderness road, and plundered their camp. This day we hear the Indians have killed Colonel Daniel Boone, his son and son-in-law, when out viewing lands on Red River. This latter report wants confirmation, though it comes pretty direct."

BOSTON, February 17.

UNEXPECTED IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

From Mr. Carlton, Editor of the Salem Gazette, dated at Salem yesterday.

"By arrivals at this port from the Cape of Good Hope, we have certain information, that Tippoo Saib has embodied a large army in India, and declared War against the English. He has received among his troops 500 Officers, sent out by the French Directory—and already commenced such alarming movements, as made it necessary to dispatch two Packets to England, with advice of the event: On their stopping at the Cape of Good Hope, on their way, and communicating this disagreeable intelligence, all the troops that could be spared (about 4000) were immediately embarked to reinforce the British who were in eminent danger of suffering by these sudden hostilities. They were commanded by Gen. Craig, who is succeeded as Governor of the Cape, by Gen. Dundas."

BALTIMORE, Feb. 20.

On Saturday evening about 8 o'clock, Susanna, the wife of Dennis Dwyor, a labourer, living in Second-street, unfortunately fell in the fire, and in a very few minutes was burned to death! Next morning the Coroner held his inquest on the body, and the Jury brought in their verdict accidental. It appeared the woman was much addicted to liquor, and at that time in particular was very drunk.

DIED,

On Sunday morning last, Mrs MARY HOFFMAN, wife of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Esq; in the 26th year of her age.

"A purer mind ne'er dwelt in human form."

20 Lots of Land,

In the Township of Union, on the Susquehanna River for Sale—Enquire at this office.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Sunday evening the 19th inst. at Goshen, by the Rev Nathan Ker, the Rev. JOHN JOLINE, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Florida, to Miss MARIA GALE, of that place.

On Monday evening, the 13th inst at Princeton, by the Rev Dr S. Smith, Mr GEORGE KIRK, of this city, to Miss MARY NORRIS, of that place.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev Dr Foster, Mr JONATHAN DENNIS, to Miss POLLY KETCHUM, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev Mr Kuypers, Mr JOHN PEASE, to Miss ELIZABETH HURTIN, daughter of the late Mr Joshua Hurtin, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev Mr Kuypers, Mr ROBERT SAUNDERS, of Baltimore, Printer, to Miss ELIZABETH BANCKER, of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev Dr Moore, Mr DAVID OGDEN, Merchant, to Miss SARAH GLOVER, daughter of Mr John G. Glover, all of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev Dr Foster, Mr JAMES FLINN, to Miss PEGGY SLIDELL, both of this city.

THEATRE.

THIS EVENING

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A celebrated COMEDY, called, The

DRAMATIST:

Or, *Stop Him Who Can.*

Written by the Author of, Speculation, Rage, Notoriety, &c.

Vapid, (with the Epilogue)	Mr Hodgkinson,
Lord Scratch,	Mr Johnson,
Ennui,	Mr Jefferson,
Nevill,	Mr Martin,
Willoughby,	Mr Munto,
Peter,	Mr Macgrath,
Servants,	Messrs Leonard, M'Knight,
And, Floriville,	Mr Hallam, jun.
Louisa,	Mrs Johnson,
Lady Waitfort,	Mrs Brett,
Letty,	Mrs King,
And, Marianne,	Mrs Hodgkinson.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A FARCE, called, The

PRISONER AT LARGE;

Or, *The Humours of Killarney.*

☞ Places in the Boxes, and Tickets, as usual.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

To Let,

From the first of May next,

An OFFICE, and BED-ROOM adjoining, with fire places, lately occupied by JAMES WOODS, Esq. Enquire at No. 49, corner of Gold and Beekman streets.

February 25. 5t

A Stone Dwelling House,

CONTAINING four rooms and three fire places, cellar, a large garret which may be made into bed rooms with little expence, with about two acres and a quarter of land, pleasantly situated in the vicinity of Weisel, East-Jersey, about two miles from Aquackonoc landing, on the main road to Patterson; a good stand for a grocery and dry good store. There are on the premises a barn, some excellent fruit trees, and a never-failing spring of good water. For terms apply to JOHN HALL, on the premises.

February 11, 1797. 5o tf

For Sale,

A Pair of elegant mounted, double barrel Brass Pistols. Enquire of the Printer

Feb. 1, 1797. 4w.

Court of Apollo.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

WHOE'ER through Ovid's tales has rang'd,
Thro' Ovid's tales has seen,
How Jove incens'd to monkeys chang'd
A tribe of worthless men.
Repentant soon, th' offending race
Intreat the injured pow'r,
To give them back the human face,
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their pray'r;
But t'other half he bid the wind
Disperse in empty air.
Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod,
That shook the vaulted skies,
With haughtier air the creatures strode
And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxurious now
Around their temples spread;
The tail, that whilom hung below,
Now dangled from the head;
The head remains unchang'd within,
Nor alter'd much the face;
It still retains its native grin,
And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd and half the same
Jove bid them take their place,
Restoring them their ancient claim
Among the human race.
Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
Nor would a name bestow;
Woman half ape'd the motley breed,
And call'd the thing a Beau.

TAKEN from on board the sloop Dolphin, Capt. Berrian, from City Island, lying at Rutger's wharf, On Monday evening last, a bundle containing a variety of Womans wearing apparel, among which were, three long gowns, one a dark clintz; three petticoats, two of which were white dimity, four callico short gowns, Handkerchiefs, stockings, &c. tied up in a cross barr Muslin Handkerchief. Whoever can give information of the same, shall be handsomely rewarded by applying to the Printer.
February 18, 1797.

To be Let,

THE corner House in Pearl-street, No. 106, being the corner of the Old-slip, well known as convenient for trade, as the best stand for any kind of business, either for Dry Good or Grocery, but particularly for Earthen, China and Glass ware. Enquire at William-street, No. 55.
February 18. 51 tf

DR. GREENWOOD,
APPROVED DENTIST,

No. 35, Warren-street,

PREPARES and fixes real enamelled Teeth, the best contrivance hit on to substitute the loss of natural ones. They are fixed in without the least pain, and without taking out the old stumps. As to ornament they equal the most brilliant which can be exposed to view, and helps pronounciation, mastication, &c, &c.
November 26, 1796. 39—tf.

Bills of Exchange.

FOREIGN and inland Bills of Exchange, elegantly engraved and printed, on superfine bank post, may be had either bound or in sheets, or by the single set, by applying to JOHN BURGER, jun. Copper-Plate Printer, at No. 167, William-Street, (the third door from the corner of Beekman-Street) Orders from any part of the United States in the above line will be executed with the strictest precision. July 30 28 tf

JOHN HARRISSON
No. 3, Peck-Slip,

HAS RECEIVED IN ADDITION TO HIS FORMER ASSORTMENT, THE FOLLOWING

New and Entertaining Novels.

MYSTERIES of Udolpho, Count Roderick's Castle,
The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne, a Highland Story.
Royal Captives, Count De Hoensdern, Paul and Mary,
Cecilia, Henry, John of Gaunt, Peregrine Pickle,
Younger Brother, Duke of Clarence,
Sutton Abbey, Dutchess of York, Ghost-Seer, Monk,
Louisa, the Lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Madame de Barnevelt, Love's Pilgrimage, Angelina,
Herman of Unna, Son of Ethalwolf, Fatal Follies,
Italian Nun, Child of Providence, Young Widow,
Orlando and Lavinia, Honoria Sommerville,
Eloisa, with the Sequel of Julia, Audley Fortescue,
Charles Mandaville, Arundel, German Gil Blas,
Edwy, son of Ethelred the Second, an historic tale,
Rock of Modrec, or the Legend of Sir Elthram,
French Adventurer, Solyman and Fatima, Tom Jones,
Inquisitor, (by Mrs Rowlon) Romance of the Forest,
Baroness d'Alanton, Emely Montague,
Gonzalvo of Cordova, Mystic Cottager of Chamouny,
Evelina, or the History of a young lady's entrance into the world.
Arabian Tales, Victim of Passion, Arabian Nights,
Perfidious Guardian, or Vicissitudes of Fortune,
Simple Story, Joseph, Sandford and Merton,
Siege of Belgrade, Sydney and Eugenia,
Life of Samuel Simkins, Esq. Gabrielle de Vergey,
Recluse of the Appenines, Sympathetic Tales,
Rencounter, or Transition of a Moment,
Philanthropic Rambles, Moral Tales, Baron Trenck,
Danish Massacre, Trissram Shandy, Fool of Quality,
Juha Benson, Almoran and Hamet,
Man of Feeling, Sorrows of Werter, Joseph Andrews,
Vicar of Wakefield, Pamela, Man of the World,
Julia de Robigne, Citizen of the World,
Telemachus, Visit of a Week, Rural Walks,
Sentimental Journey, Letters of an American Farmer,
Roderick Random, Entertaining Novelist,
Devil on two Sticks, (French and English) Democrat,
Queen of France, Memoirs of Mrs Coglan,
Museum of Agreeable Entertainment, Boyle's Voyages,
Gustavus Vasa, Tales of Past Times, (French and English)
Robinson Crusoe, (large) Gulliver's Travels, ditto.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

Childrens Books and School Books.

New Panorama,
BELONGING TO G. BAKER.

ON Monday next the 6th inst. will be opened in Greenwich-street, near the bottom of Barley-street, the PANORAMA, or a natural and original view of the beautiful city of CHARLESTON, the capital of South Carolina; it is 110 feet in length, and 20 feet in height, and contains upwards of 2000 square feet of canvass. A complete and accurate description of the city will be handed the spectator at the time of visiting the Panorama.—To be seen at the same time, a Grand AUTOMATON BIRD-CAGE CLOCK, which cost 500 dollars, containing the Canary Bird and Bullfinch, preserved from the life,—they sing as perfect as living birds, and shew all the motions of life.

At the Panorama is a PRINT SHOP, well furnished with 200 different engravings, a number of fine Paintings, and a large collection of American Butterflies and other Insects in frames. An elegant pair of large Glass Chandeliers, with burnished gold arms and candle sockets, price 100 dollars. The Panorama was painted by the celebrated Mr Winstanly. Panorama open every day from 10 to 4 o'clock, and visitors can be admitted at all times as a family lives in the house.

Admittance 4s. Children 2s.

N. B. An Automaton Bird-Cage Clock, of the above description, for sale, price 500 dollars.
New-York, Feb. 4, 1796. 49 tf.

S. LOYD,

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public that she continues to carry on the STAY and MANTUA-MAKING BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which will be her constant endeavors to deserve.
January 28, 1797. 48 tf

For Sale,

A Corner lot of land, on the main Bowery Road, near Byard's Lane, and a small lot on the rear of said lot—terms one part cash, remainder may remain twenty years on interest.

Also, Two small double genteel Houses for sale, lease 19 years unexpired, subject to no ground rent during the remainder of the term, one a grocery store, on the main Bowery Road and corner of Bleecker-Street, the other joins said house, suitable for a small family. For terms apply to JOHN WARNHAM, on the premises, or Mr GEORGE WEBSTER, No. 24, Ann-street, near Nassau-street, or Mr JOHN BENSON, opposite the Oswego Market, Maiden-lane.

Also, To be leased, five lots of land situate on the Bowery Road and Greenwich-Street.

Also, Two small houses in Charlotte-street, near the East River—Also, Two houses in Henry-street, near the New Market. The streets will be dug out and paved by the present owner at his own expence. Lease 19 years unexpired, terms part cash, remainder in 6 and 12 months.
January 14. 46 tf

Harsin and Caverly,

HAVE removed to their new Store, No. 27, Albany Pier, west side of Coenties-slip, where they have for sale, a general assortment of

China, Glass and Earthen Ware,

About 2000 yards tow cloth, and a quantity of check Flannel. Also,

One Lot of ground, at the shipyards, near Col. Rutgers, and three lots on the Greenwhich road, adjoining lots of Wm. W. Gilbert, Esq. And,

A handsome bay Horse, four years old, he is very pleasant under the saddle, and has been broken to the geers, is sound and free of faults.

They will likewise receive in store, and sell upon commission, most kinds of country produce.

To Let, the Store and a spacious cellar, No. 85, Pearl-street.

Wanted, Two or Three Men that are acquainted with packing crockery, apply as above.
October 1, 1796. 31—tf.

Hibbert's Brown Stout, & Best London Porter,

Imported from London in bottles, and for Sale at a small advance on the original cost, by

MICHAEL MOORE, and CO.
AT THEIR
PORTER VAULTS,

No. 77, John-street, late Golden-hill, at the house of C. HAVILAND, Merchant Tailor, one of the Company.

By the tierce, containing 6, 7, and 8 dozen, and by the single dozen. Also,

Bath and Liverpool Ale, American Porter and Cyder.

Merchants, Captains of vessels, whether in town or country, may be supplied at the shortest notice, and all orders shall be carefully attended.

N. B. London Porter, Brown Stout, Ale, &c. warranted bottled in London.

☞ A generous price given for empty bottles.
October 8. 32 tf

Fellows' Circulating Library,

CONTAINING the latest and most approved NOVELS, &c. is kept in Wall-street, No. 60.

Subscribers pay in advance, 40s. a year, 12s. a quarter, 5s. a month. Non-subscribers 1s. for an 8vo. volume six days 6d. for a 12 mo. 3 days. 31 tf
October 1, 1796.

A. W. LAY.
Watch Maker and Jeweller,

No. 85, Nassau-Street,

N. B. Watch cases of every kind neatly made.
New-York, July 30. 28 tf

N. B. An Apprentice wanted to the above business.

ANY person wishing to retire to the Country can be accommodated with a VERY VALUABLE FARM in exchange for Property in this City.—For further particulars enquire of the Printer.